

*20th
Anniversary*

*Charles
Viewer
1990*

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The

Charles

Viewer

1989-1990

Fisher College Library

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The Charles Viewer is a review of student art, photography, poetry, and prose, which is produced annually by the students of Fisher College, on a grant from the Office of the Dean of Students.

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Contest Judges: Carole Cohen, Teresa Howe, Kathi Macklis, Ruth Shore, and Dean Walton

The editors wish to thank the following people for their invaluable assistance in the preparation of the 1990 issue: James Cashman, Gail Edinger, Angela Jacobs, Michele Pass, Marjorie Roy, and Myrna Ysaguirre.

On the occasion of its 20th Anniversary

the editors

wish to dedicate this issue

of the

Charles Viewer

to its founder

Ruth Shore

with gratitude and appreciation

for her leadership and her vision

1970  20  1990



A

Retrospective

of

Fisher Student Work

1970-1989

Frustration

Nothing original comes when I strain for it.
The bittersweet flavor of my own brand of mundane
vacuity
 created
 borne heavily
 worn with a skeptical pride
I can feel my standards sinking to where . . .
 I cannot even step on them.

Wendy M. Burbank '70

Beacon Street Blues

Up here

with Beacon Street walking by me,
I am not
alone.

Cab 247, I believe we met earlier;

I have just traveled miles with you today--
...just sitting here.

I almost memorized a hitch-hiker once.

what a lovely game he played with
his smile,

If I could have, I would have
picked him up.

Didn't they see his thumb dancing?

There's a little blue MG down there--

she's been eating tickets for three days--

What a strange thing

for a little car to do...

I think someone's coming to take her away.

If I could reach so far,

I would hold hands with Beacon Street.

We'd have great fun together.

Anne M. Hume '71

Dear Sir Richard:

Keep it up so that we may
view the shattered world as fine
again.

Keep us showered in your own peculiar
brand of fatuous goodwill
designed to pacify us all.

Proclaim for us great victories
over asian people defending homeland fields
against saviors self-proclaimed.

Keep up
the heavy-lidded smiles
and fingers shaped in deadly salute.

Keep it up till their land grows pockmarked
as if our bombs held diseases,
till the spring trees will no longer
shade their villages at midday.

Finally their land will bring forth
only buried bones and their harvest
will be of death,
their children will feed upon
democratic issues, gagging on the pulp of it.

Push forward your ideal-ology
while hatred spreads
as communism never will,
While peasants rise to kill your oratory stand
and bend down those fingers frozen upward
not in victory
but in misery.

Julie A. Loomis '72

Untimely End

How sad

that it should take

months

for Winter to strip Summer

of her

warmth, color,

security,

and beauty...

and replace it with

numb, frozen,

loneliness;

while it took

only minutes

and a few words

for you

to do the same

to me.

Anonymous '73

Black Seeds

Black seeds
sown in the rich
earth-Motherland
Africa: our heritage.

Black seeds in this
country
Sown in the minds
buried in ignorance,
Yet we do live--in the ghetto.

Devella Brown '74

Autobiography of a Lonely Folksinger

With the passion
of a new love,
 she strums
 until the sounds
 grab hold of every dream
 ever wished,
and the words reach out--
 needing to be heard
 by one
 and all--
 by one who waits,
 by all who see--
She wants to be heard
 lest the fools carry her tune
 out of sight
 like a hopeful candidate's speech.

Let her sing.
Let her sing.

Sally Jutras '75

Father's

Our Father's who art on Charles Street
A walk long enough to provide exercise,
but not too far to stumble home
Hallowed be thy name
May the familiar call of Father's
remain with us forever
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth
as it is in Father's
When everyone lives as though all the
world were Father's . . .
Give us this day our daily booze,
That sustenance without which
we could not survive the more
tedious hours of the day
And forgive us our trespasses
If we should miss a night at Father's--
forgive us--we will be back the next
ladies night
As we forgive those who trespass against us
If you ask for ID upon our entrance we will,
without malice, remind you of our status--
Regulars
Lead us not into temptation
Other bars may tempt us with their varieties
But deliver us from evil
For only you have twenty-cent drinks.

Kay Myers '76

The city
is filled to the brim
with lonely, cold,
hard people--
unsmiling, rushing,
pushing, shoving
to a destination
unknown.

Sallie Holian '77

Amazon

The time has come for all to know
That the ancient Mythical River
Does exist.

She is as deep as she is wide
Flowing within Accepting souls
With the strength of the raging sea
And the peace of a gleaming lake
At twilight.

Her banks are always growing
In a slow, steady pace
Gathering from her Mother Earth
The nourishment to withstand
The powerful mountains,
Blocking her way
To the oneness of the ocean.

In the beginning,
She didn't understand
Why

The powerful mountains,
Of the Mother Earth,
Blocked her way.

She was a sister.

One with the earth.

And why

Did the mountains,
Children of the Mother Earth,
Rise up above their Mother
Only to block their sister.
She didn't understand

Why

She was denied

The oneness of the ocean.

But, then, she realized

Her oneness would be strength

And power

And, maybe, the mountains were afraid

She, too, would block their way

And swallow them up

In her path of glory.

So in the midst of

Fearful suppression

The River rages on

To be one with the ocean

And to rise up

To the mountain tops.

The Dancer

standing, waiting
the flicker of an eyelash
the movement of a fluid arm,
graceful,
extension of a leg,
toes point downward,
a jump,
as if floating,
chiffon skirt
returns gently to position.
A smile,
a bow,
the end.

Anne Papineau '79

In the silent sounds of daylight,
I can hear you softly breathing,
And the mirrors of my mind,
reflect the sight of you--sleeping.

When you gently stirred beside me,
You awakened memories.
Of the times we talked of nothing,
And our needs weren't hard to please.

But I've wakened to a world
Where people laugh unpleasantly,
And dissect each other over tea,

Because they're bored with other things.

Maria Miller '80

The City Ballet

Pain dominates;
The smell of rosin fills the room;
Sweat prevalent;
The wood surface cracks at the slightest
movements made upon it: at the city ballet.

Encores demanded;
The roses make their way to the stage
in recognition;
Curtains drawn tight;
The working, striving, dreaming never
ceases: at the city ballet.

Nada Ann Jones '81

Trash Day

Empty, wanton hopes displayed
upon my curbstone.
Discarded dreams, their wrappers torn,
hide amid the clutter of banalities
and crumpled sheets of past indulgence.
Wrinkled cellophane images of
disjointed realities glitter in the sun,
tiny beacons of conscience
cutting into the fog of self-deception.
Broken mirror shards of contempt
reflecting back at themselves again
and again; and endless shadow-play
of self-torment with an audience of one.

Sandy Belanger '82

Night Terror

It creeps up on me as the sun goes down
like a creature lurking back in the shadows,
immobilizing all senses.
No movement, no feeling, no voices.
Mind is forced from the body,
like a key stuck in a door.
It's calling me, calling me away.
Will I go or stay?
Forcing open the lids of my eyes,
I see the walls in front of me,
Moving one paralyzed limb,
I shake my mind back in.

Valerie Chludzinski '83

Watching me through the window
Watching me through,
the window
Watching me from outside
Watching me from inside
Watching me inside and out

Knowing me through my eyes
Knowing me through,
my eyes
Knowing me from outside
Knowing me from inside
Knowing me inside and out

Watching and knowing
me through.
Inside--
and out.

Madeline Sherwood '85

Miss Amelia Bently Smith

Outside my window,
the gray of technology.
I sit before my table
aged, grand, and proud,
while a daydream of
lilacs cradles me,
defying the cement.

I look at my walls,
a laughing yellow.
Abe Lincoln stares
back from time.

Patter, pat, pitter.
Rusted water hits my sink.
A petal falls, beyond
remembrance.

All sound has stopped
now, as I look down upon myself
sitting next to
dead lilacs.

-- Maryalice Sullivan '85

The antique chair
sits alone in the corner
ignored, cast aside,
like an old woman,
desperately reaching out
to grab attention.

Thick black dust
formed a coat on its arm,
which has not been touched
for centuries.

If only someone would come
and free it from its corner...
give it attention,
give it companionship.

-- Mary DeBaggis '86

I Did

I adored the way your hair always
stubbornly strayed from its place
and how you self-consciously patted
it into position.

I admired your attempt to appear
domestic, burning our steaks and setting
the fire alarm off.

I put up with your beloved dog even
though he made a habit of using
our den as his bathroom.

I smiled at your jokes, however corny,
because I yearned to see you smile.

I pretended not to feel when I found her letters.

I cried when you left.

I laughed when in the court settlement,
I got the house,
the kids,
and Rover.

Mary Caldwell '87

The Catcher

I stood waiting for the pitch
without a mitt
hoping the bouquet would come my way
the drum roll sounded
my opponents giggled
the audience hushed to muffled conversation
Sailing through the air
in slow motion
it flew
to be caught by me
to be kept by the bride
just like him.

Sarah Varley '87

She

She is perfumed
with delicate
memories
of the past,
mysterious
with soft
veiled mists,
soothing with
gentle tears,
refined
with graceful,
swaying limbs,
and attentive
with a
single
sparkling eye.
She nurtures you.
Notice her.

Maureen Connolly '88

Writer's Block

The paper remained barren.
 . . . No expression existed . . .
Not one harmonious locution entered my
mind.
No spellbinding sentences to enchant
the reader . . .
No witty words to impress . . .
No tantalizing tales . . .
 -- Nothing --
A composition awaited
Yet a vacant page glared at me,
Desiring thoughts, feelings, dreams
 -- Nothing --
The bare page screamed a silent scream
For no words filled its mouth
The page remained barren.

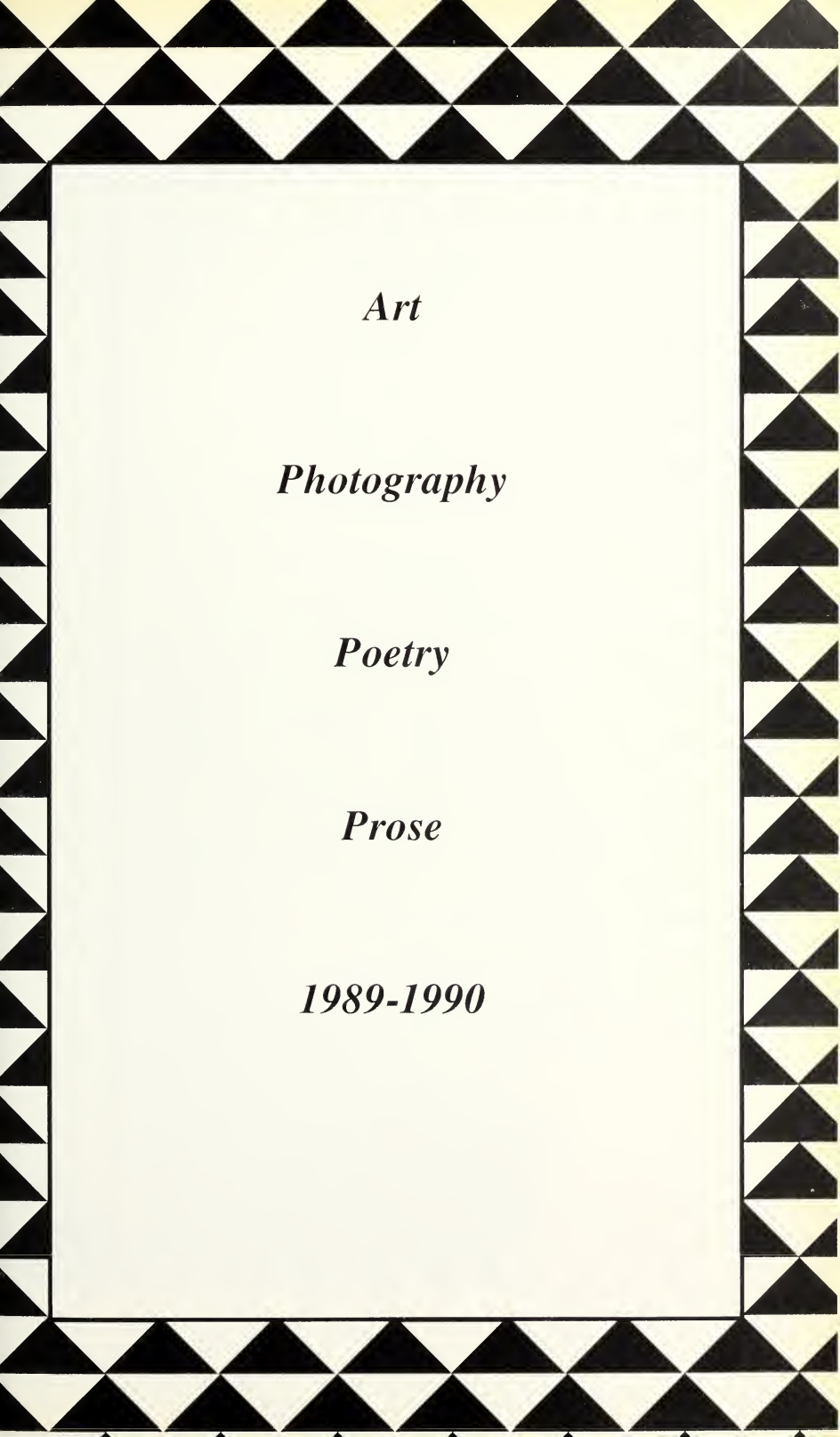
Pamela Jean Bujnis '89

20th Century History

Lost in the thoughts of the 17th century
I pour over my books
A ring breaks my concentration
I lean over and answer the phone
A familiar voice questions mine
 and I smile
Feelings rush into me like a waterfall
 Spinning down
 Down towards the ground
Until I replace the receiver
And realize what I've done
Do I regret saying no?
Going back to history in my thoughts
But not of the 17th century

Carri Gangi '90





Art

Photography

Poetry

Prose

1989-1990



I Wonder What You Are Doing

Where are you?
Is it someplace faraway?
It must be a place with
Grass, trees, rivers, and--
Of course--one horse.
You're probably hunting and
Breathing the fresh air.
Sometimes I forget you will
Never come back again.
I suppose, though, that is
Part of it all.
In the West is where
You could be, under
A sunset edged in black.
Sitting behind bushes,
Surrounded by falling leaves,
Now you may hunt forever.

Leandra Jordan '91





The Rose

The petals open like a violin's sweet song,
Each flower with its own charm,
 the stems so long,
Like the apple, so flawless
 and vibrantly red,
Four days of exquisite beauty,
 the rose is dead.

Cathy Graham '91



LAWNA LEWANDOWSKI

Dismissal

Why did you have to leave us, Dad?
Now your kids await your presence,
Like a rainbow after a storm.

An everlasting bee sting,
A thorn in the palm of my hand,
Salt blurring my vision,
Everyday. Everynight.

Like a car on slick ice,
 we had no control.
It was only July.
It felt like December.

Valarie Kornblet '90



Never

Alone isn't something a lot of people
understand,
It's not a feeling you can share;
It's one of those conditions that's
just there.

I can try to hide it so no one will know,
But on my face it begins to show.

I want to be strong and try to be brave.
It seems no one knows how I feel,
And if they could, or feel they should,
It still ends up the same.

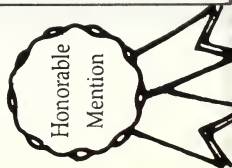
Sometimes I wish people would let me be;
Other times I hope they'll never set me free.

It's hard to explain this feeling I have,
All I know is that deep down inside
It makes me sad.

Sometimes I wonder why I even try;
Other times I just sit and cry.

God help me to learn to love again,
So this pain will go away.
I'm afraid to be alone and
I don't want to be this way forever.
Sometimes I wish I just NEVER...

Tammy Stowe '91



It's Worth It?

Who created high heeled shoes?
It must have been a man,
As they love to torture us
In any way they can.

Long ago it started with
The invention of the corset.
Many women broke their ribs,
For beauty, it was worth it.

Shaping a body beautiful
Takes forever, I'm afraid.
If you have acquired one,
You sure have got it made.

Feeling a bit spiteful,
I've been trying hard for years,
To make my face and figure
More acceptable to peers.

Heels and girdles try to do
What was not meant to be.
But for a man they're worth it,
At least they are to me.

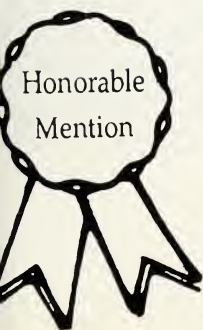
Jennifer Rook '91



Geometric Death

Little aliens, with gigantic effects.
The pores of skin: an open invitation.
Black hearts, white ovals, gray triangles,
They ease their way in through
 any available cavity.
Absorbed by red vitality,
They ascend the ladder of the skull.
They nourish the human brain,
Slumber in the hearts and lungs,
Distort size and condition.
They favor a continuous pattern.
The party these aliens attend
Leaves no room for regrets.

Valarie Kornblet '90





The Lesson

For the first time in years
I take pen to paper
And express my fears.
I am only a little girl,
Yet the world no longer
Sees that.
They see what they want,
They see what I've been
Taught.
These fears, they are
Very real.
No, no, I am not made of
Steel.
This may surprise you,
I know,
But my life has not been
All sugar and snow.
Yet, I will live and
I will strive.
I will succeed.
I will survive.
That little girl will
Always be there.
She will battle those fears
With what she has learned
Over these years.

Heather Williams '91



I Didn't Feel the Cold that Day

It was the first time he went for a checkup;
he was only three weeks old.
There was snow on the ground, the wind
was blowing, it was very icy and cold.
I knew I had to protect him. He needed me;
no one else did.
Had I tried to escape that feeling,
I'm sure that I never could.
My heart lit up like a candle; the magic
of love struck the match.
When I try to recapture that moment,
it varies and evades my catch.
Though the warmth within me burned gently,
the world was frozen and gray,
Yet something happened inside me;
I didn't feel the cold that day.

Frances Moore '91

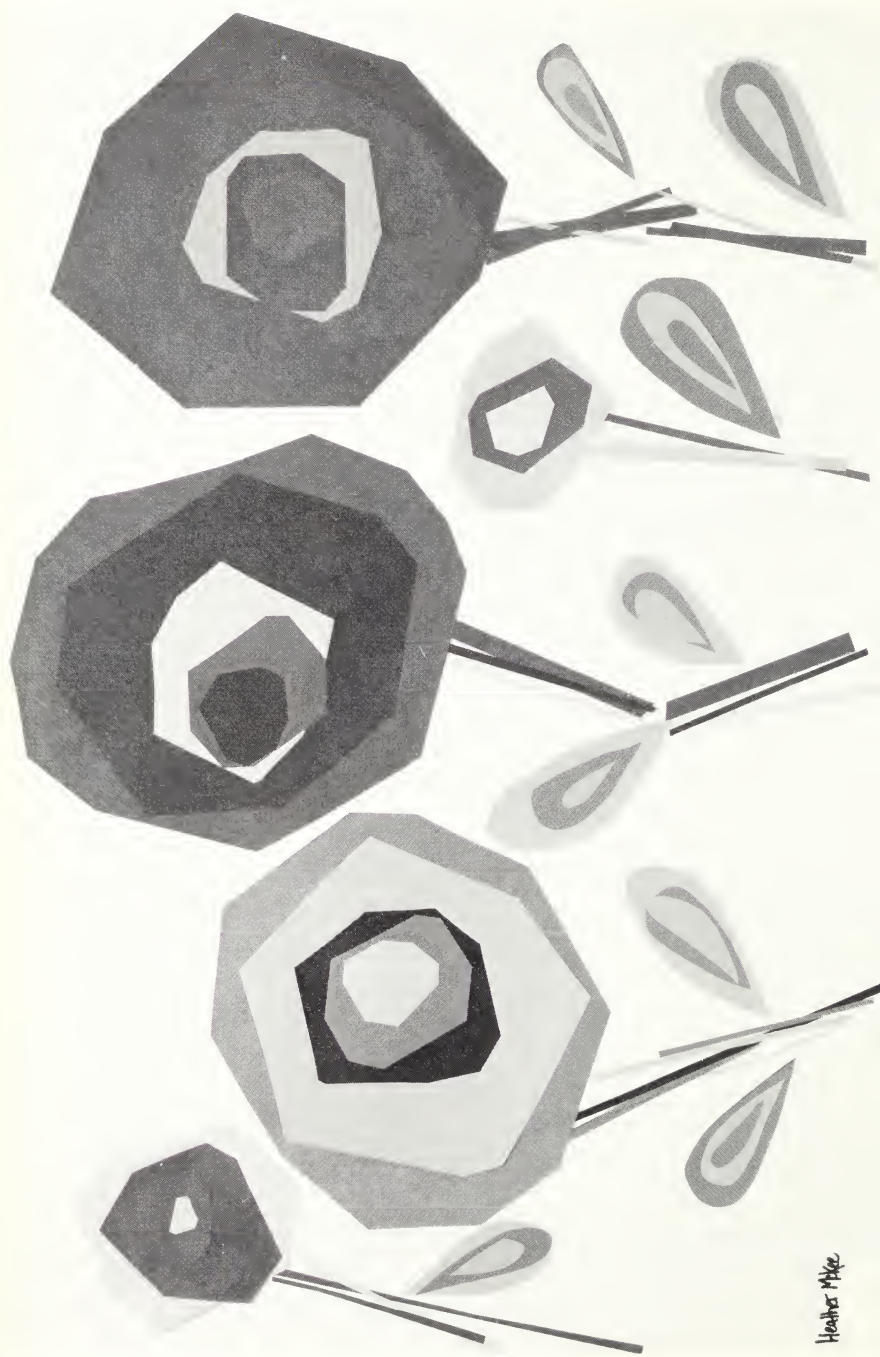


Caitlin Doughlin

Dreams

Dreams are like an eagle's flight,
Soaring high on widespread wings.
Like that eagle, I'd love to fly,
And leave behind all earthly things.
Soaring high up in the clouds,
No problems left to hide.
Far away from all the pain,
No heartache deep inside.
They say you can't survive a dream
Like an eagle always in flight,
But I could never let go of mine
For they get me through the night.

Nancy Desameau '91



Heather M. Kie

Sunset

The sun goes down.
The day is over.
I lie alone, my mind drifts,
What's happened today,
So much to do tomorrow.
I think of days that have passed,
All the yesterdays,
So long ago, I can't remember when.
So long ago, some are vague and
Hard to recollect.
Warmth surrounds me, and I can't help
But smile.

If laughter is the key to good health,
Then I was healthy,
My heart full of joy.
You were the light of my life.
And, like the sun, you were strong,
Shining bright and always warm.

It is said that tears cleanse the soul.
Then, my soul was cleansed.
Tears of joy,
Tears of sorrow and pain,
Tears that bonded us together.

And words,
The spokespersons of the heart,
Spoken in softness,
Gentle,
Full of understanding,
Words of wisdom,
Strong and honest.
I can't help but smile,
For I still wonder about those words
That were
Unspoken.

Laughter,
Tears,
Words,
All a part of friendship,
Our friendship.
So long ago, it's vague in my mind
And hard to recollect--
When,
Where,
And how it came to be.
But it was and is so special to me,
That I lie here and smile.
Warmth surrounds me.

Life keeps going and we move,
Sometimes together,
Sometimes apart.
It's difficult but we must move,
Grow, and continue.

We used to be.
We are not anymore.
Our laughter is not shared.
Our eyes are dry.
There are no words.
Now, we are separate.

As I lie here, I smile.
Warmth surrounds me.
Now, I have memories.
They fill my heart and keep me whole.
We happened.
Our friendship budded and bloomed.
We were healthy, our souls were
Cleansed and we bonded together.
We experienced growth and we were alive.
But we are still alive.
For in my mind,
We are here,
You are here.
And I'm grateful,
I'm thankful, and
As I lie alone, my mind wanders.

What's happened today and
So much to do tomorrow.
I think of days that have passed,
All the yesterdays,
So long ago.
I smile, and warmth surrounds me.
As I lie alone,
I'm not alone,
For you are here,
Here with me now,
Forever in my thoughts
Forever in my heart.

The sun goes down.
The day is over.

Valarie Kornblet '90



Love Is Like an Ocean

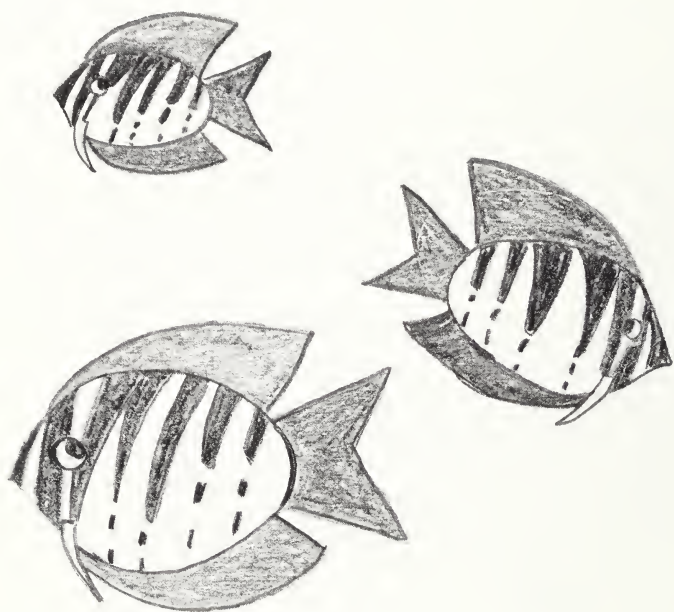
Love is like an ocean,
Flowing ever on,
Continuous and unending,
Existing as a song.

Tides go out and then return,
Bringing good with bad,
Something's always happening,
The happy and the sad.

Like the ocean, love is forceful,
It is calm and it is good.
Like the ocean, love's fulfilling,
It is fruitful, it's life's blood.

The ocean can't be conquered,
It is always free.
Sometimes taking, always giving,
That's how love should be.

Wilna Delsoin '91



MARlene Scarpatic

Arise!

Just when you think your life is through,
Pick up your head and look around you.
There's so much beauty and joy expressed,
There's no reason to be depressed.

Happiness and love exist everywhere;
They're waiting to capture you if you dare.
So open your eyes and let yourself free.
Unleash the bonds of misery.

Because hatred and fear cloud your view,
They slam the door in front of you.
You're all locked in with disgust
And despair,
Surrounded by anger, with no time to care.

So open your mind to all that's above,
And open your heart to joy and love.
Feeling sorry for yourself will no
Longer do.
The world is ready for the real you!

Alison Knowles '91



Stephen M. Koe

68/1/14

My Previous Friend

You are very precious, with your big blue
eyes.

Set deep inside you is thought,
Always with a song to fit the moment.
Precious is your world around you,
Shattered by a rainstorm of inborn tears.
You need protection, but I can't give it
to you.

My friend, I love you but your fragile heart
frightens me.

I tried to help, but you did not see,
So now I am alone and all I can say is
Dream and don't let go of your memories.

Kristen Kane '90



Mother

We stand there so gallant, so proud,
So very young: Tim, Victor, and I.

The camera flashes, as we gaze down.
Here lies our mother, "Forever in
Our hearts."

The cool wind brushes against us,
The bright sun warms us,
The clouds pass over us.

As we reach the car, I turn back,
Look one last time, and remember
As another Memorial Day in May
Passes us by.

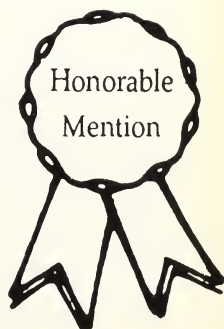
Alicia M. Torres '91



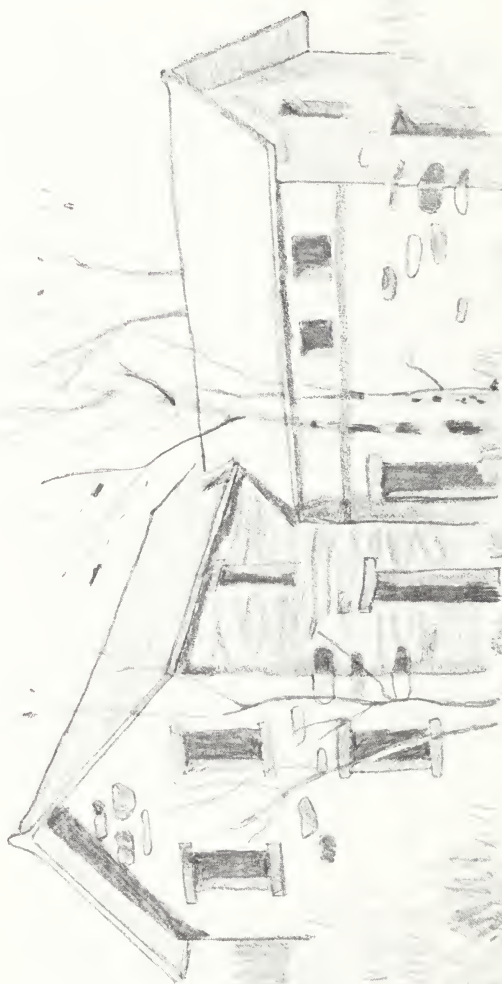
Innocence

Innocence
Like the bubbles
 of champagne
Bursting with flavor
 to a gentle touch
Like the first time
 he picked up his instrument
We are curious of
 its sound
The innocent are curious of
 its taste
And the sips start out small
As the melody increases
 we are grasping for more--
And the bottle empties.

Carri Gangi '90



By Markene Scarpatte



Our Dad

Our Dad was a man of many words,
Keeping high spirits until the end.
He was not only a terrific father to us,
He also was a friend.

Teaching his children right from wrong,
Aimee, Adam, and me.
Helping us learn to find the good
In everything bad we would see.

We had so many fun times with Dad,
Times for all to share.
If ever in need of good advice,
Dad was always there.

Dad took us to Mexico,
And of course we missed our flight.
He told us not to get something to eat,
And, as usual, Dad was right.

Yes, he was a junk food fanatic,
Baby Ruths galore,
But with a Dad who jogged four miles a day,
No one could ask for more.

Five years ago, our Dad got sick,
With a condition that was so rare,
There were times when he didn't look
His best,
But still we didn't care.

Although Dad had his days,
Filled with ups and downs,
You know that same old George
Pulled through without a frown.

Our family pulled together
Trying to be strong,
Thinking to ourselves this isn't fair,
Dad's been suffering for so long.

Saturday came, that was the day
God pulled Dad and us apart.
We will always love our father,
He holds a special place at the top
Of our heart.

Goodbye Daddy,
We love and miss you.

Valarie Kornblet '90



Heather H. H.

Lying down
too obvious
under a dark sky
My skin protrudes
in the long autumn grass
shining
like a star
showered
with a kiss.

Carri Gangi '90

The train is boarding
I get off
 and mingle.
A twisted, romantic
Comedy of life
 happens.
In only a few hours
my life has changed
 completely.
Last call for boarding
he left me on that train
 of thought.

Carri Gangi '90



How Could We Be So Naive?

He said it was love at first sight.
How could I be so naive to believe it?
He said this love will last forever, and
I believed it.

He said it was over between them.
How could I be so naive to believe it?
He said he wouldn't talk to her again, and
I believed it.

He said nothing was going on.
How could I be so naive to believe it?
He said he would love me forever, and
I believed it.

He said he needed time alone.
How could I be so naive to believe it?
He said there was nothing to worry about,
And I believed it.

He said it was over between us.
How could he do that to me?
He said that he still loved her, but
How could she be so naive to believe that?

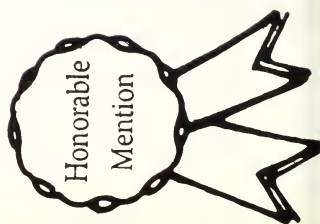
Patti Metz '91



Every Time You Turn Away

Every time you turn away
Our bond slowly begins to break
I want to reach out and hold you
But the distance is too far.
Where did all the romance go,
When will it return?
I miss your tenderness,
Your caring and your strength.
You asked for my love
And with that I gave you my soul.
How can I move on
When everything that I am belongs
To you?

Kristin Murphy '91



This Emotion

This emotion you desire
Rushes into your life
Giving you pleasure one day
And grief the next.

Confused and hurt
This emotion leaves
Leaving you wanting
Wanting once again.

Selena Tucker '91



Territorial Behaviors of Elevator Passengers

The elevator doors open and after a few seconds of hesitancy the passengers climb aboard. However, they do not just pile onto the elevator any way they can. There is a distinct pattern that elevator riders follow whether they realize it or not. This pattern involves the first few people onto the elevator and they fall onto three categories: Controller, Hibernator, and the Odd-Man-Out.

It is usually a safe bet that the first person on the elevator will stand by the floor buttons. This is why he is the Controller. It is his duty to see that each person's floor is pushed and to hold the door open for people coming and going. It is the only territory in the elevator that comes with responsibility.

Next come the Hibernators. The two back corners are just waiting for them. They wedge themselves in and wait. Theirs is the easiest territory, but if the elevator fills up it can also be the most uncomfortable. Be aware of the Hibernators, they tend to watch people because they are in the perfect position to do so.

Lastly comes the Odd-Man-Out. He is called this because by the time he gets on all the corners are taken. He is left to stand in the middle. This is the least popular territory. The Odd-Man-Out is usually a fidgeter. What else is there to do in the middle of an elevator?

Such detailed behavior for such a small place but it goes on all the time in elevators around the world. Next time you get into an elevator, pay attention to your territory and those around you, guaranteed you will see the pattern. Happy riding!

Joanna Parham '91



Love

Love is a word which is shared with many people and many directions. Love is a feeling within you, like a feeling when you're enjoying a hobby. Love is like a rainbow, beautiful and never ending. Love is shared between me and you, you and me, him and her. Most of all, love is something no one can feel without the love of you and me. So walk above the road of love, as you see and share your feelings with others.

Stephanie Montenigro '90

Solitary Confinement

She sat, legs crossed, with one foot sort of swinging about. She stared intently, yet not knowing what she was really looking at. It wasn't the lovely, smooth, cream walls that encompassed her. It wasn't the stark white trim that surrounded every door and window. She wasn't noticing the antique mirror, with its gold and green painted frame, that had been given to her by her loving mother. Nor the graceful Renoir print of a beautiful young woman--dressed all in white, but for a red hat--dancing with her handsome suitor. It was none of these things that held her in rapture. For they were nonexistent in her mind. She was in her own private oblivion, another place, another time. A world without responsibility, without backbreaking work and heartbreaking woe. A dreamworld, where her every whim was catered to, her every wish granted, and her every desire fulfilled.

The phone rang and she was torn from her reverie by its insistent ring. She did not answer, for she knew being civil to one who had so rudely interrupted her fantasy would be quite impossible.

It was Friday evening, a night that would soon be filled with the pealing laughter from those out for a night on the town. It was nights like this that really brought her down. Way down. Loneliness was a very difficult emotion for her to handle, never mind to overcome. She breathed deep and prepared for the hours to come before sleep would mercifully end the evening. Television, so mindless and boring, would make time pass.

She sat, legs crossed, with one foot sort of swinging about. She was again staring intently, but not at the flickering screen in front of her, lost again, in her longing for pleasure and fulfillment that she could only seem to find in her dreams.

My Death

My breathing has become erratic, the busy Boston streets are full of activity, people are yelling, some calling for an ambulance, others just questioning what is happening. My side hurts, I reach down to grab it, just to stop the pain. My flesh is warm, Oh God, I'm bleeding, please don't let me die, I'm too young.

A man is in my face, apologizing, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it." Another man is pulling him away. He's yelling, "I didn't mean to, she came out of nowhere." Now I remember I was walking home from work, I was crossing the street, the lights blinded me, the car hit me, I felt warm tears streaming down. I was almost home.

I hear the siren coming, hurry I'm bleeding, help me, I don't want to die, I'm only nineteen! Everyone is asking, "Who is she?" Someone, a woman, is standing over me, she is going through my purse. She pulls out my wallet and turns to a man: "Go to Fisher College." Soon my friends will be here--I just pray they are not too late. I hear the ambulance getting closer, and I look to the side where a policeman is arresting the man who was apologizing to me. I hear Katie and all my friends from school pushing their way through the crowd, I try to move, but it hurts. Andrea is leaving. No, Andrea, come back, I'm hurt, come back. I blank out.

I'm in the ambulance, and Katie is there, holding my hand, crying at the same time, brushing my hair back with her other hand, telling me it's O.K. I try to talk, but the attendant tells me to save my strength. Katie, call Scott, my grandmother, call them Katie. I can't talk--it hurts too much. Soon we are at the hospital and I'm in the emergency room. I look to the side and all my friends are there. The doctor is calling for help, when a nurse stops and tells him, "She's dead Mike, give it up." The look on his white face is blank, he grits his teeth, he looks toward the waiting room, and asks the nurse, "What am I supposed to say to them?" She offers to do it for him. He looks down at me and shakes his head. He turns to the nurse again and says, "They better get the bastard who put her here!" He walks away. The nurse pulls a sheet over my head. I'm yelling, "No! I can't be dead, I'm only nineteen, I'm in college, God NO!!"

I hear Katie screaming, "No, she's alive, I just saw her, you're lying, I want to see her!" There's a commotion and the doctor says, "Let her go." The sheet is gently lifted off my face and I see Katie, Andrea, and Jen looking at me. I try to grab them, but I can't. They are crying. Andrea sobs, she can't believe it, Jen is holding her. The room is filled with my friends' crying. I just want to live. Then I see a light, it is quite bright, it reminds me of the accident. I see a figure, my mother, her arms reaching. I look back at my friends. I want to stop their pain, but I can't.

Soon my mother and I are high above everyone, she does not talk, and we are drifting away. We come over my house in Nevada. "Gram, it's for you, Alicia's roommate Katie." My grandmother is on the phone, she's not speaking, she begins to cry. She is yelling at Katie that this is a sick joke she's playing. She hands the phone to my Aunt Helen, telling Katie to put someone else on the phone. My grandmother sits there, motionless. My aunt hangs up the phone and holds my grandmother.

My mother and I drift higher into the skies, and we are soon over Scott's house in Florida. The phone rings, Scott answers it, his face is pale, he also thinks it's a joke, then he puts the phone down. He picks it up again and dials a number, but no one answers. He dials another number, the hospital, and asks to talk to a doctor. He begins to cry and he hangs up the phone. He stands up and then goes to the window, he looks around, he picks up a picture in a frame. It's a picture of Scott and me at Christmas and he holds it close to his chest.

The whole night is spent this way, going with my mother from house to house, seeing people I have loved. My mother finally turns to me and says, "My daughter, you will be missed, but your home now is with me."

Alicia M. Torres '91

The Museum Visit

I enter the large, almost majestic building, and a feeling of excitement rushes over me. Spread out before me are several worlds, and they are all mine to choose from. I choose the beginning of it all and in a blink I am back in the days of gods and goddesses. All around me are large, solid figures with wide, staring eyes. They stand, unflinching, watching my every move. After absorbing all I can, I move on to another world.

This world is full of smiling colors and various forms and shapes. It is an imaginative world, where a woman can look like three blocks on top of one another and a violin can look as though it has been sent through a slice-o-matic and still be called a violin. This world is not for the faint-hearted.

Joanna Parham '91



No Place to Go

The noise of the silence was deafening, roaring, ringing in my ears and making my hands twitch. The morning's pale, watery attempt at sunlight had found its way through the dirty, unshaded window and was creeping tediously across the newspapers and clothes on the floor. I sat on the edge of the unmade bed, watching its progress. The mattress was ancient and I sank into its musty sponginess deeply, thinking of dinosaurs sinking into the pits.

As the morning went by, the light growing ever stronger, the walls of the room turned from charcoal to grey, to grey and cracked. I lay back on the sour smelling blankets and found pictures in the waterstains on the ceiling. The orange and yellow splotches were much like clouds--clouds that didn't move. Clouds that would never leave this place, would never be anything other than what some dismal rainy day had made them, drops seeping through the imperfect roof of some unknown workman's making.

I heard clanging echoing footsteps in the hallway beyond the graffitied door. Someone was leaving here. Someone was going somewhere. I had no plans. I was staying right here.

Anonymous



The Arrival

The traffic was unbearable. Exhaust fumes from the hundreds of cars lent the sky a grayish hue. As we inched ever closer, the number of people walking up the street doubled, then tripled. Literally thousands of them, all ages, shapes and colors.

A tension was in the air, excitement, almost electric. We all felt it.

After hours of tedious stop and go driving we had arrived. Parking the car was a task in itself, and having accomplished that, we stepped out to stretch our cramped legs. Then, before we knew it, it was time to go in. Our stomachs knotted, this was it! We pushed and shoved our way along through the masses, jabbing with elbows, and stepping on feet. We found our spot, sat, and were elated to see it was so close.

The lights went out, we were struck by the pitch blackness, then assaulted by the roar of the crowd.

The sky lit with an explosion of fireworks from the stage. A voice rang out through the stadium, "Ladies and Gentlemen; The Rolling Stones!"

Jennifer Rook '91

The Problem

I have a problem. A big problem. So who doesn't? Here I am in Fisher College! Big deal. Isn't this what I've been waiting for for years? I've been saving my money, planning, scheming, and dreaming about college for awhile now. So here I am. And if one more person asks me what I'm going to college for, I may lose control.

Did I miss something? Am I supposed to know, at the tender young age of nineteen, what I am going to do with the rest of my life? Does everyone else know? Am I the only person sitting here in this room who does not have her life and career all mapped out before her? Did I stay home on the day they lectured on "The fun stops here, just what do you think you're doing?" I took "Decisions in Living" in high school, but no one told me I would be asked to make them so soon!

I've had it! I can deal with the question: "What's your major?" I tell them, they nod solemnly, looking at me piteously. I guess it's common knowledge that Liberal Arts is really another way of saying, "No, I have no goals, no aspirations, I'm just basically bumming around."

Whatever happened to people going to school just to become educated, enlightened? Why do I have to know now, right now, what I want to do with my whole life? I'm sorry, but I don't know what I'm doing beyond the next ten minutes. Get back to me tomorrow.

Anonymous

Cause and Effect

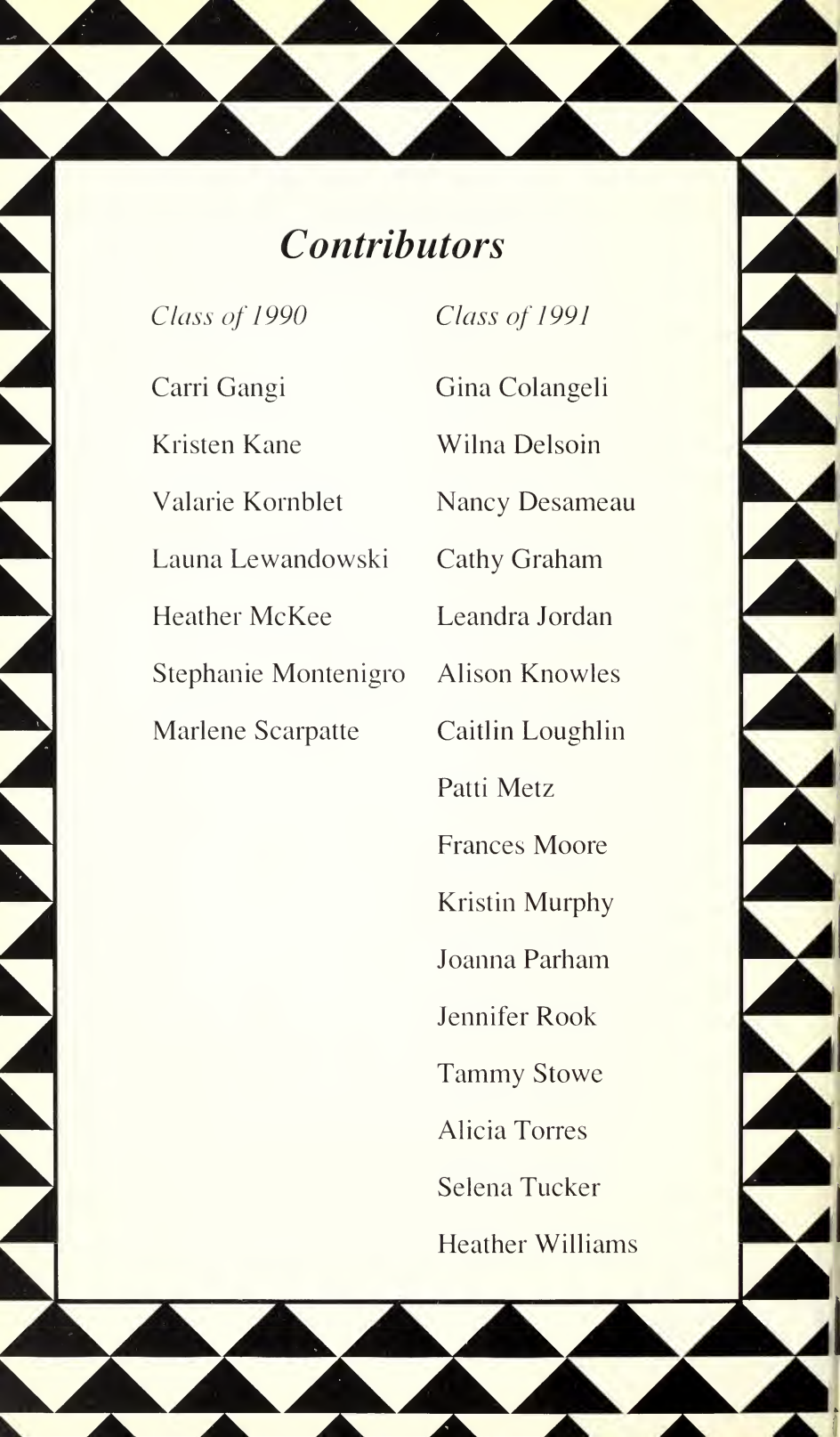
It is Wednesday afternoon and I am relaxing in my dorm lounge. As I consider the essay due on Monday, I decide this is the perfect time to start piecing together a topic. No problem. It will "come" to me, I think. And so I wait. Cause and effect--how difficult can it be?

Thursday morning. Well, yesterday was not as productive as I'd hoped, yet I feel better knowing I have at least contemplated a beginning. Today, though, is a fresh start and, I might add, one day closer to the deadline. So, I sit. And sit. And wait. Any time now, "it" will "come" to me. I imagine it as though it is a religious revelation, calling out to me, "Here I am."

Friday. Well, okay, "it" has not shown. As I realize the clock is ticking, I wonder, "Why, where are you?" And suddenly I calm myself down. Be logical, I tell myself, you have all weekend for "it" to come to you and have it typed by Sunday, right?

Sunday night. Well, what happened to Friday night and all day Saturday, you ask? Exactly what I was wondering on the bus ride back to Boston. And then I think--Oh My God! Tomorrow is Monday! As I reach Boston, taxi to Beacon Street, and race through my dorm to my room, which I quickly lock myself into, I cry out, "Where are you?" Millions of thoughts race through my head. I won't have an essay, which means no grade, which will bring down my average . . . I'll get discouraged, blow off the class, and eventually quit school altogether. My parents will kill me, I'll never get a decent job, and . . .

I have it! The cause? No essay. The effect? Everything thereafter! Let the writing begin! I knew "it" would come to me.



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For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

